Gunston Classics

PETER RABBIT AND HIS MA

Gunston & The Book Bunnies
The Gunston Trust

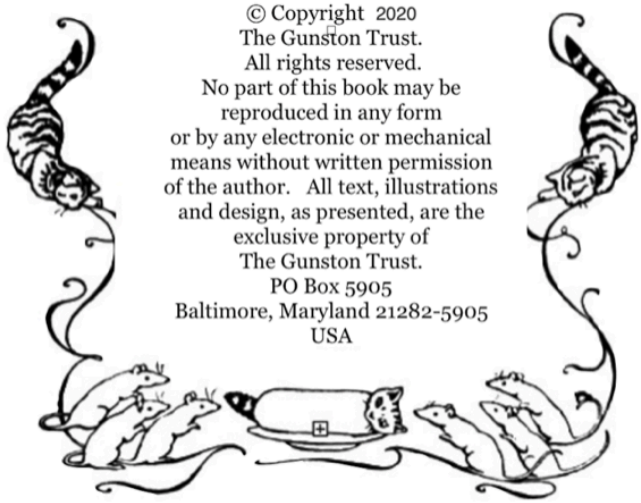
PETER RABBIT AND HIS MA.

BY

Louise A. Field

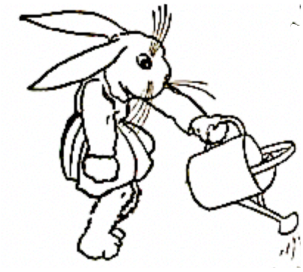
Illustrations by Virginia Albert.

© Copyright 2020
The Gunston Trust.
All rights reserved.
No part of this book may be
reproduced in any form
or by any electronic or mechanical
means without written permission
of the author. All text, illustrations
and design, as presented, are the
exclusive property of
The Gunston Trust.
PO Box 5905
Baltimore, Maryland 21282-5905
USA



Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

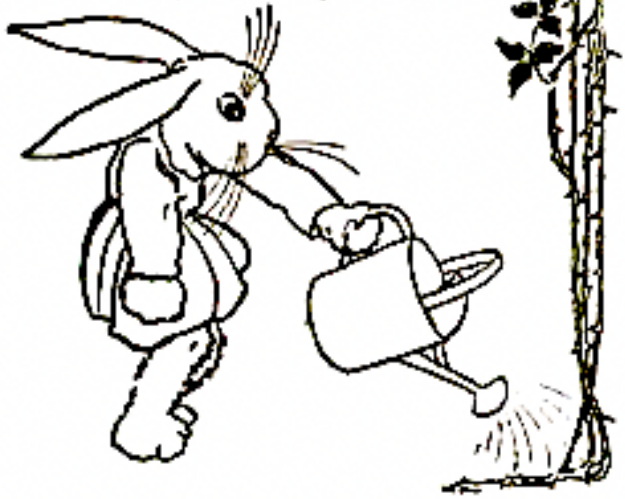


Peter Rabbit and His Ma

PETER
RABBIT

Gunston & The Book Bunnies
The Gunston Trust

AND HIS MA



Peter Rabbit and His Ma

PETER Rabbit and Molly Cottontail and Flopsy and Mopsy. (Mrs. Rufus Rabbit was Peter Rabbit's Ma.)

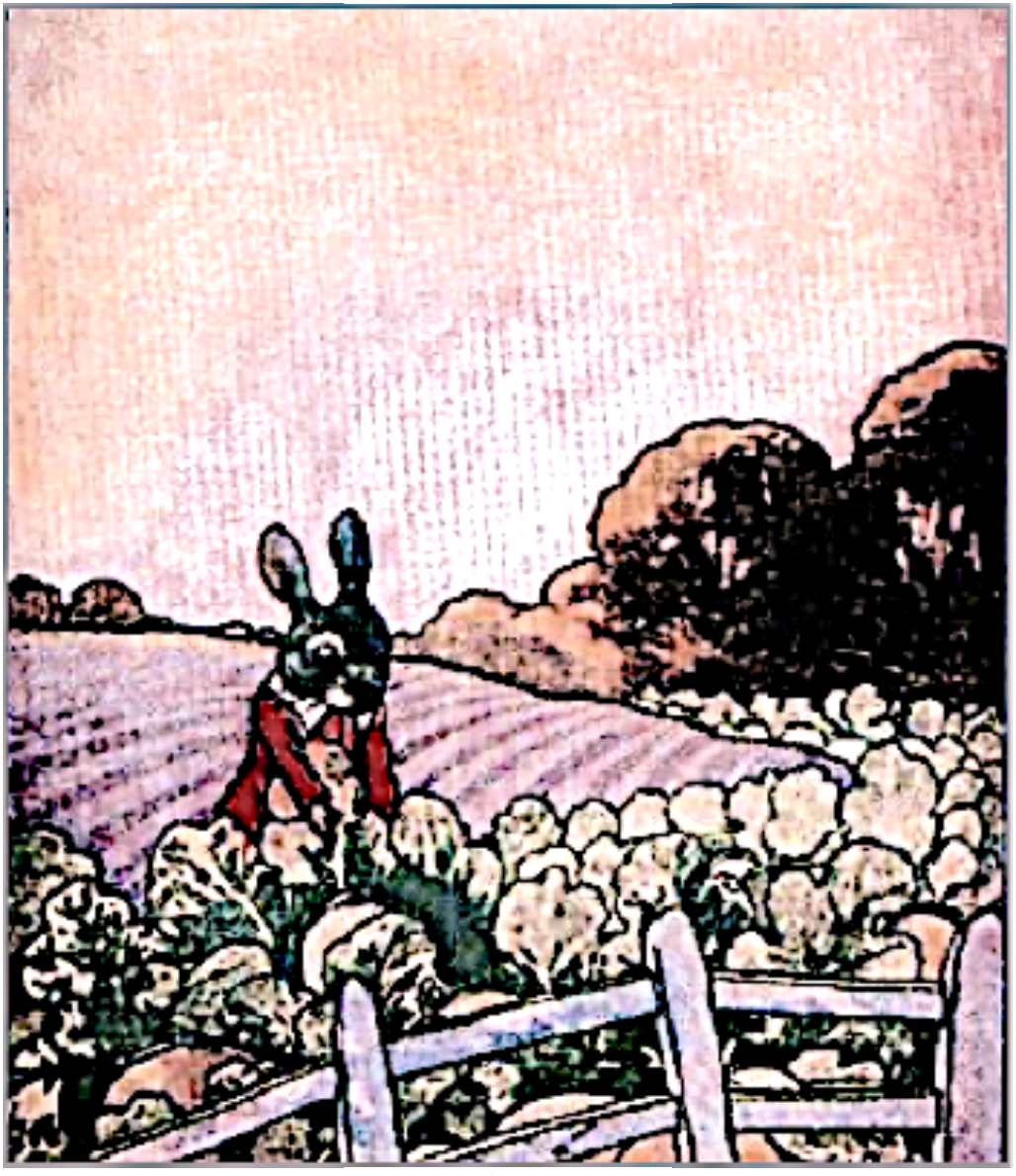
They must get up and go to bed at just such an hour, and ask permission every time they went out of the house. Peter Rabbit was rather fond of having his

own way and he promptly made up his mind that while such rules were all very well for Molly Cottontail, who never had a mind of her own anyway, and for Flopsy and Mopsy, who were far too young to do anything but to mind somebody else.

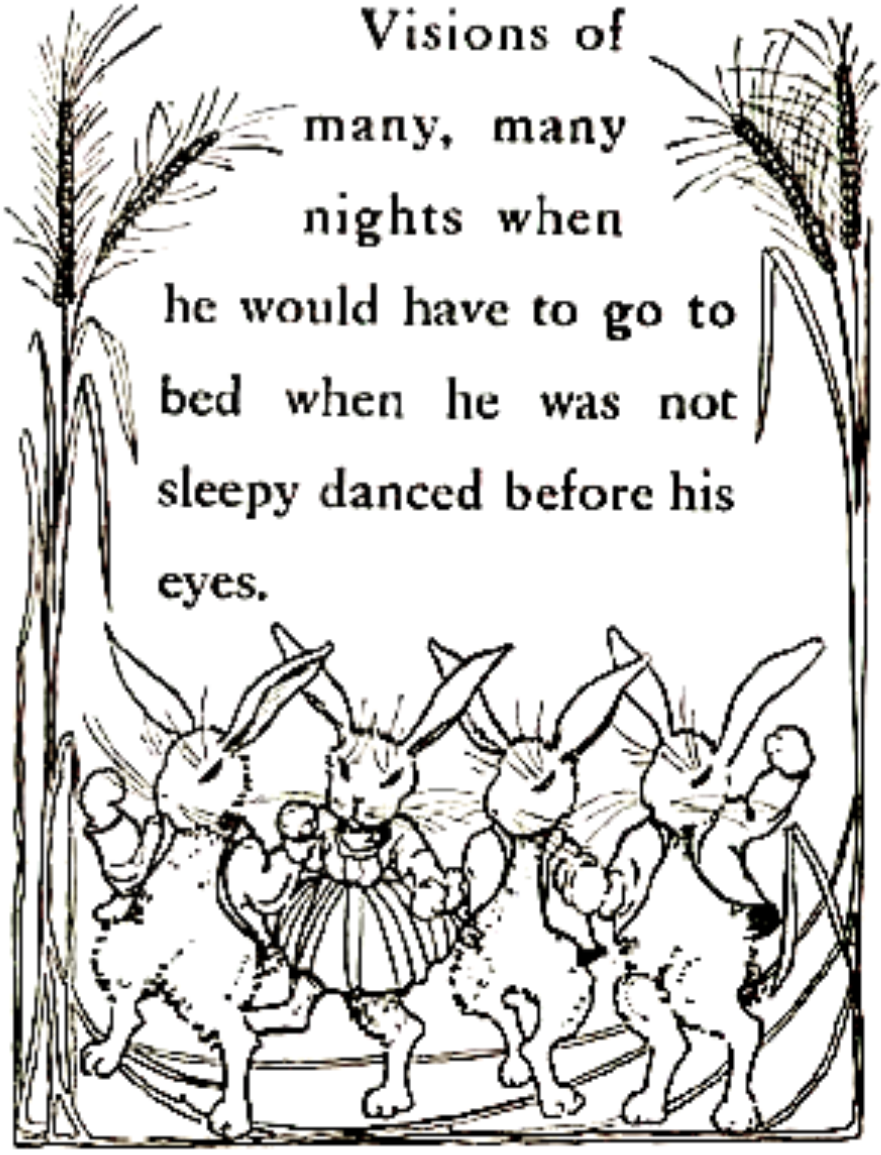
as far as HE was concerned, he intended to go to bed when he liked and get up when he pleased.

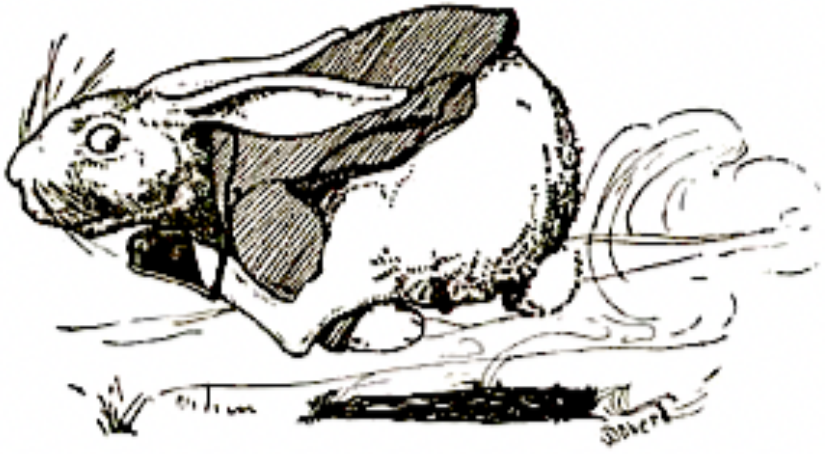
THE more he thought of it, the crosser he became.

He had gone to bed very much earlier than usual, and was not a bit sleepy.



Peter Rabbit and His Ma

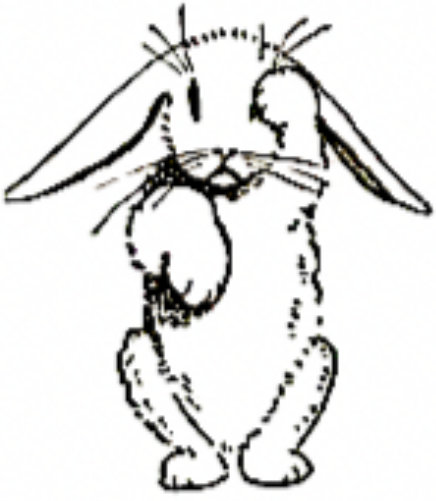

Visions of many, many nights when he would have to go to bed when he was not sleepy danced before his eyes.



Finally he decided to

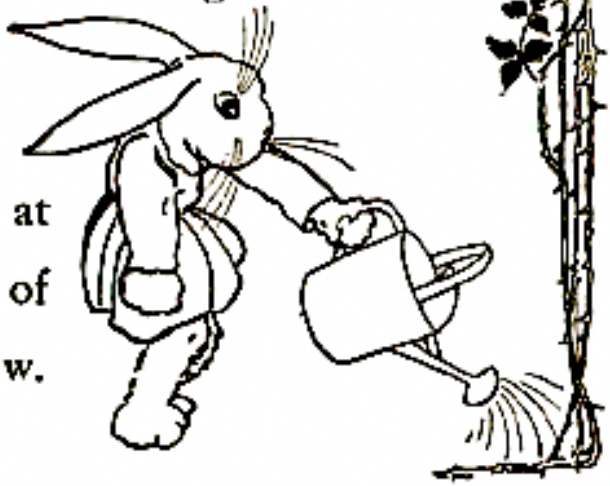
run away.

AT first he thought of taking Molly Cottontail along with him. Then he concluded that the twins would be very lonely without her. Peter Rabbit was not a selfish bunny. At any rate, he thought he would get on much faster alone.



HE began to make his plans, and grew so excited that he found it impossible to go to sleep at all.

He could hardly wait till the first little smiling streak of sunlight peeked in at the door of the burrow.



It seemed to beckon him,

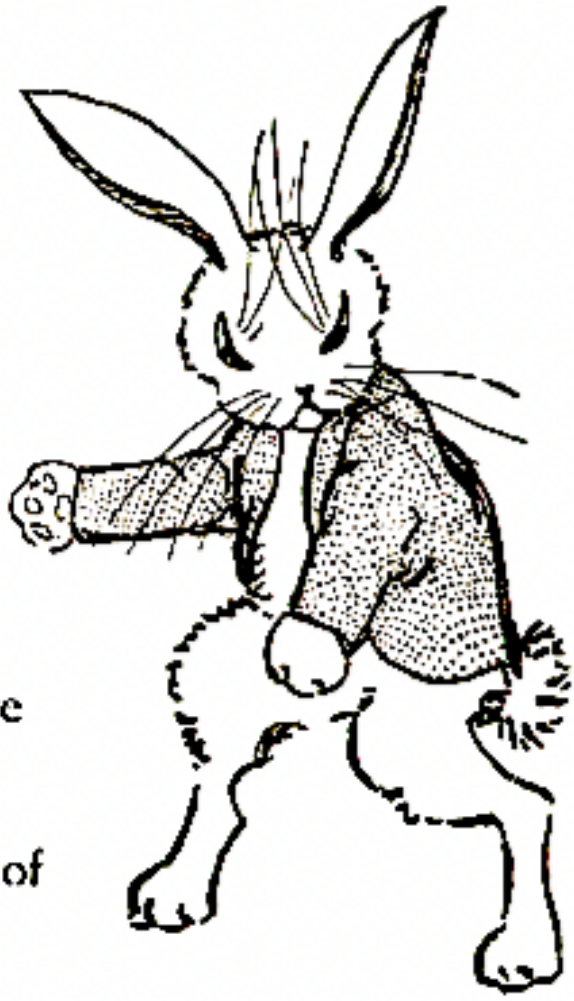
Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

to offer all sorts of promises, and to urge him to seek for the fun about which he had been thinking all night.

Very quickly and quietly he crept out of bed and dressed,

pausing
every
now and
then to
glance
fearfully
toward
the
spot where
the other
members of



ERNEST

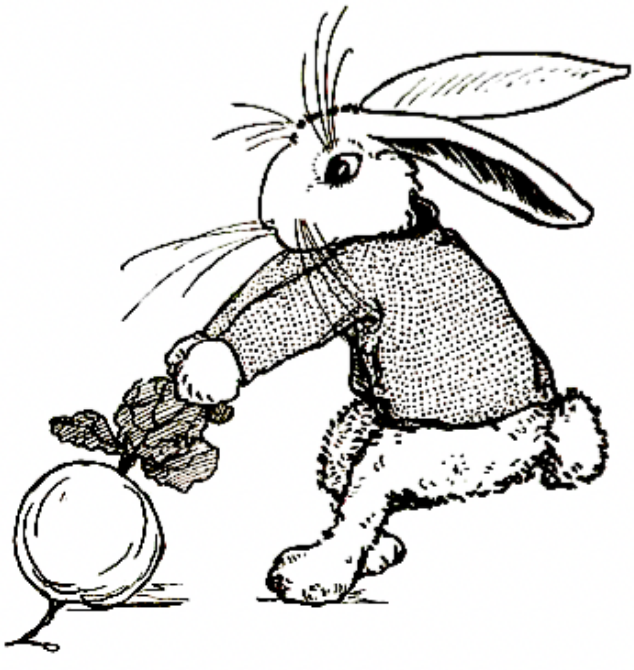
the family lay curled up in little furry balls, peacefully—and Mrs. Rufus Rabbit audibly—sleeping.

Soon he was quite ready, and after one dreadful moment when he felt quite sure the whole family was wide awake and ready to

grab him as he crept past on tiptoe, he found himself outside the burrow and running for his life through the soft spring sunshine.

HE ran without noticing in what direction for some time. Then, beginning to feel tired, he slackened his speed, and finally stopped quite still and looked about him. A second glance showed him a great field of turnips only a few yards ahead of him.

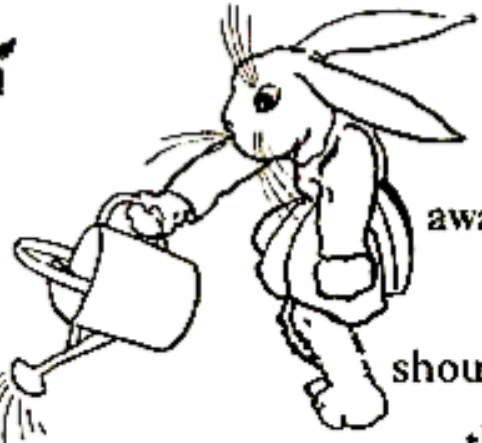
He was beginning to feel very hungry. So in another moment he was busily at work rooting up

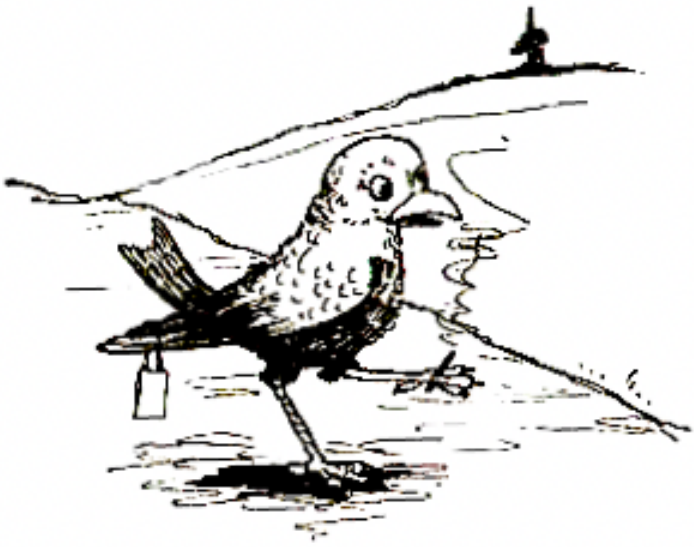


A fine, juicy turnip.

ON this he feasted until he could eat no more.

Unwilling to leave such a tempting meal, he finally dug up a second fine plump turnip and carried it away, slung over his shoulder. He thought it might taste good for luncheon.





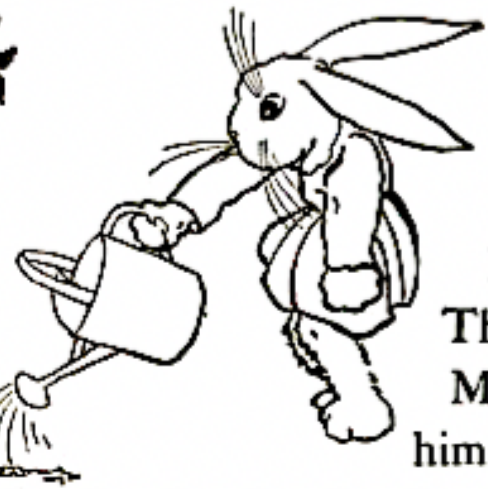
A robin red-breast flew across his path and wished him a cheery good-morning. Peter gaily stopped for a few moments of chatter.

Peter Rabbit and His Ma

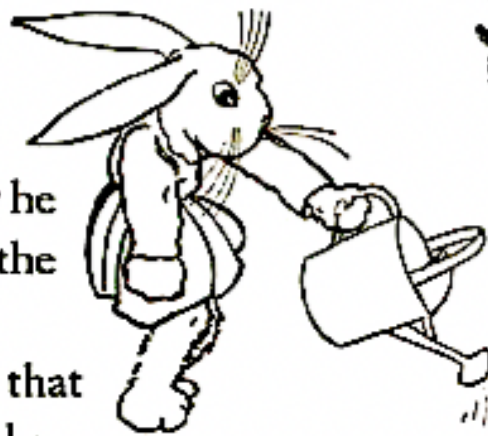
Already he felt a little lonely and looked after the robin rather wistfully as it flew over the bushes.

A little further on a wee Shrew-Mouse popped her head out of a hole right ahead of him and squeaked a shrill but good-natured greeting.

Peter sat down on his haunches and had a very pleasant half hour. The Shrew-Mouse told him her name was Susan, and advised him to throw



down the big turnip as it was a heavy burden and, besides, he would be sure to find plenty of nice things to eat if he followed her instructions. Then she wished him good luck and vanished into her hole in the ground.



Accordingly he dropped the load of luncheon that had already given him a backache.

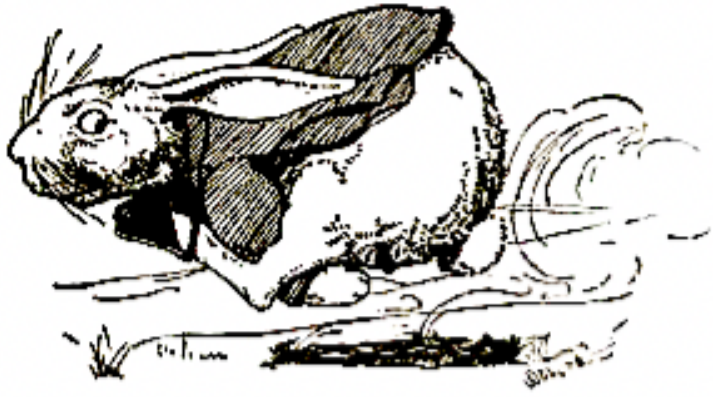
AND trotted along much more comfortably and quickly.

Right around a turn in the road, ran a clear stream of blue water with a little wooden bridge crossing it. And on the very edge of the water sat an old bullfrog who croaked out:

"Look out or you will fall into the water!"

NOW the warning sounded so funny that Peter, who had just started to cross the bridge, commenced to laugh, and laughed so hard that he lost his balance and tumbled straight into the water.

The bullfrog seemed to think this a very great joke and in his turn began to laugh loudly. It did not seem so comical to Peter, but luckily the water was so shallow that he quickly scrambled to dry ground, with no more inconvenience than a thorough wetting.

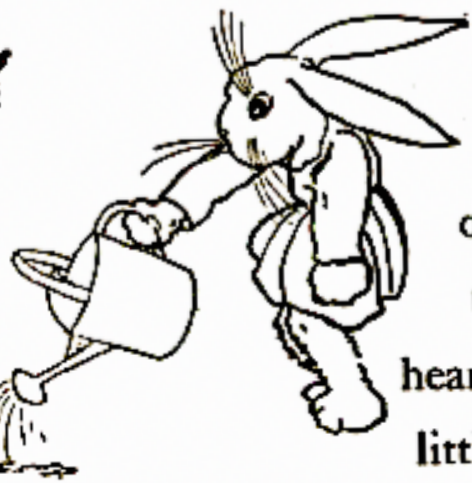


AS the bullfrog was not at all inclined to be friendly, he did not stop to dry himself, but trotted on for quite a while before he stopped in a sunny spot and

TOOK off the nice red coat his Ma had made for him and hung it on a sumac bush to dry.

He was beginning to feel

hungry and wondered where all the good things were that Susan Shrew-Mouse had promised him. While wondering where he would find his luncheon, and wishing he had not so hastily disposed of his nice turnip, he heard a funny little squeaking voice behind him.

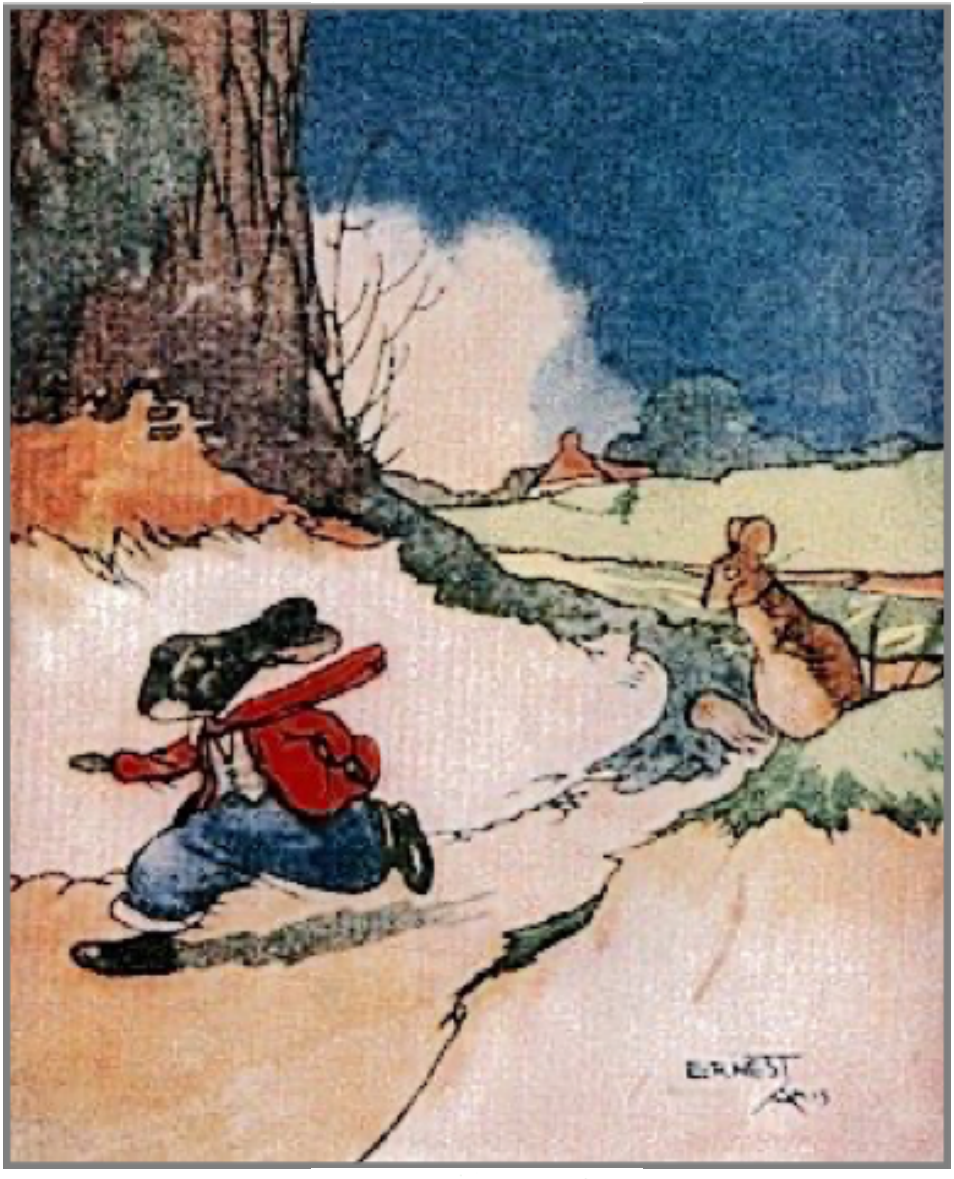


It seemed to be speaking as well as squeaking to him.

"How do you do, Peter Rabbit?" it said.

And turning around, Peter saw a plump little field-mouse sitting by the side of the path.

MY cousin, Susan Shrew-Mouse, sent me word by the carrier pigeon that you were coming this way. Pray come and have luncheon with me," it said.


ERNEST

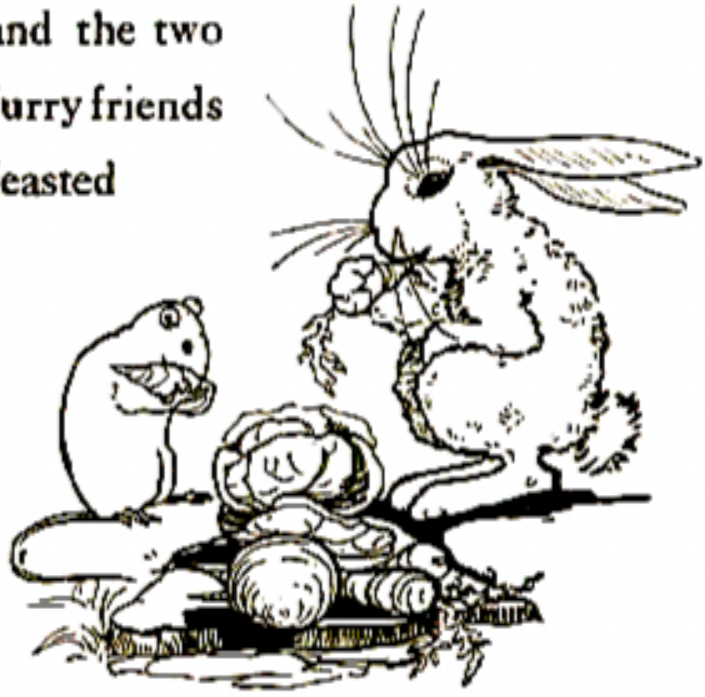
PETER Rabbit was certainly delighted, for his little round tummy had started to give him some inside information, and it was of a kind that made him uncomfortable. He had never been hungry before, and he thought with regret of the good food his mother had always provided, and he began to see himself in the light of a very ungrateful bunny, indeed.

SUPPOSE he never found his way home and never saw his Ma and Molly Cottontail and the twins again?

Two large tears rolled down his long nose at the dreadful thought.

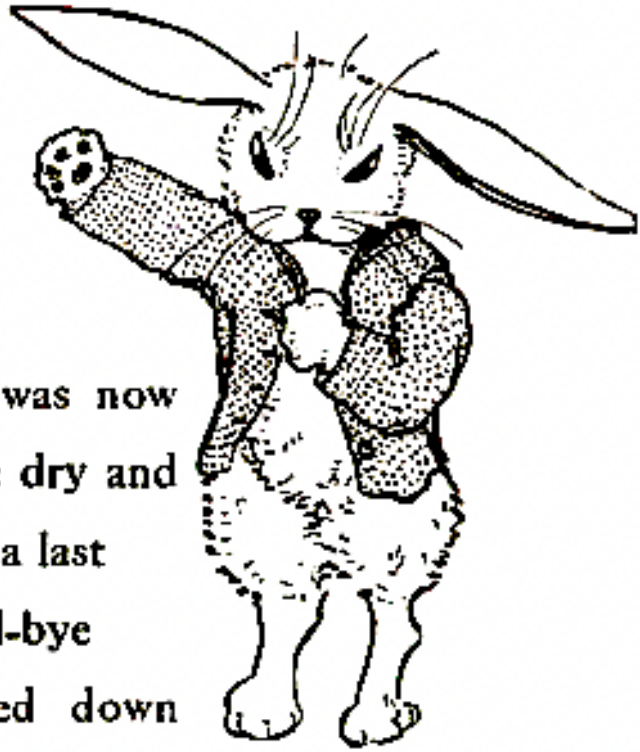
Peter Rabbit and His Ma

BUT the voice of Freddie Field-Mouse broke in upon his gloomy reverie. Luncheon was all laid out on a large, flat stone under a shady green bush and the two furry friends feasted



on crisp green lettuce, fresh pink radishes and tempting yellow carrots. So long did they sit over the meal that Peter discovered, much to his dismay, that the sun was beginning to sink in the west.

WITH many thanks to his kind little host, he put on the little red coat



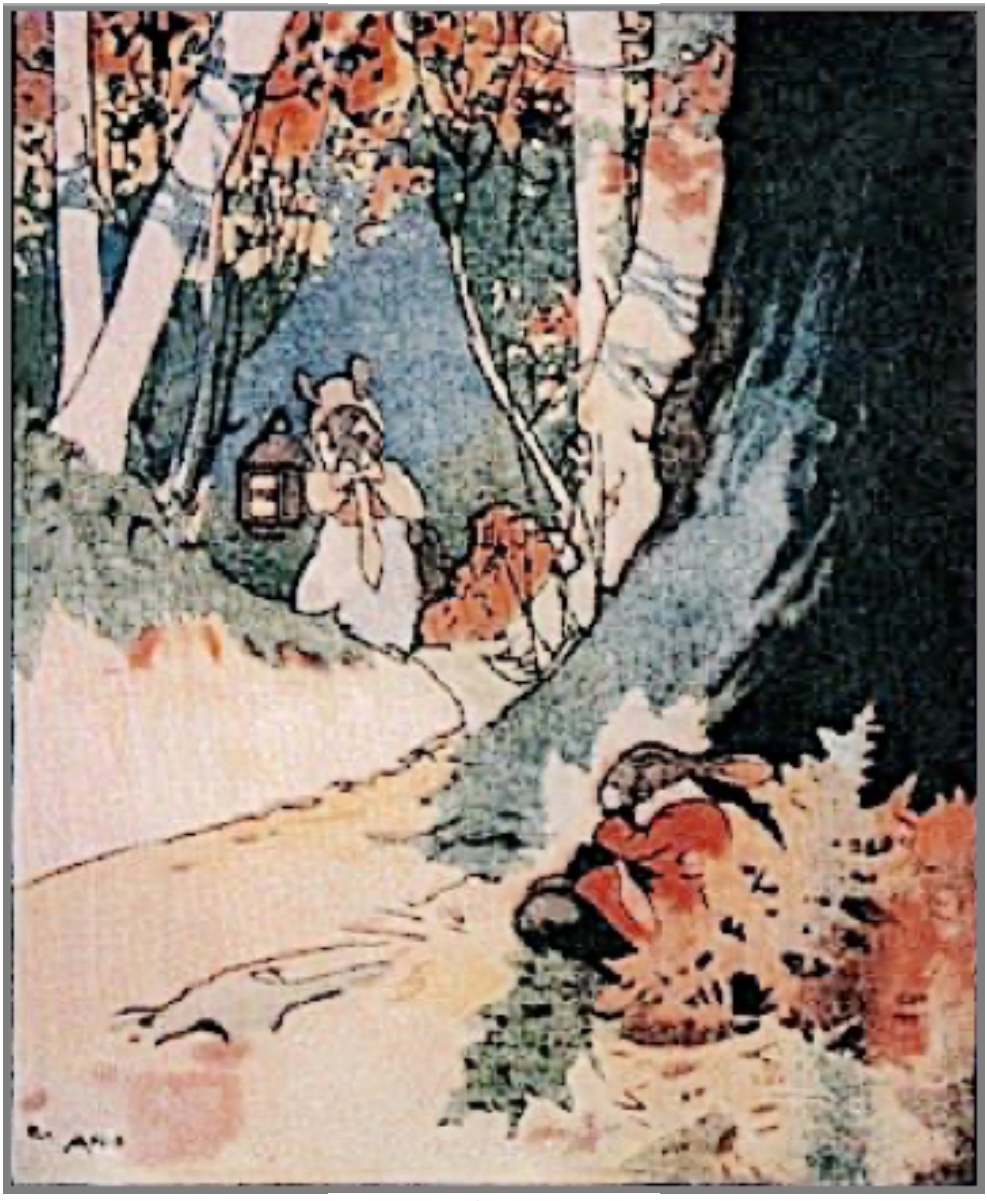
that was now quite dry and with a last good-bye started down the path at a good pace, feeling much rested and

refreshed, but not knowing at all where he was going, for the field-mouse had been unable to give him much information as he had but lately come to that part of the country.

When Peter Rabbit did not reach home by dusk,

Mrs. Rufus Rabbit began to get very anxious. Having fed Molly Cottontail and the twins, and put them to bed, she quickly dressed in her cloak and bonnet,

took her lantern and a walking stick that had belonged to Peter Rabbit's Pa ("For who knows but there may be bears in



Peter Rabbit and His Ma

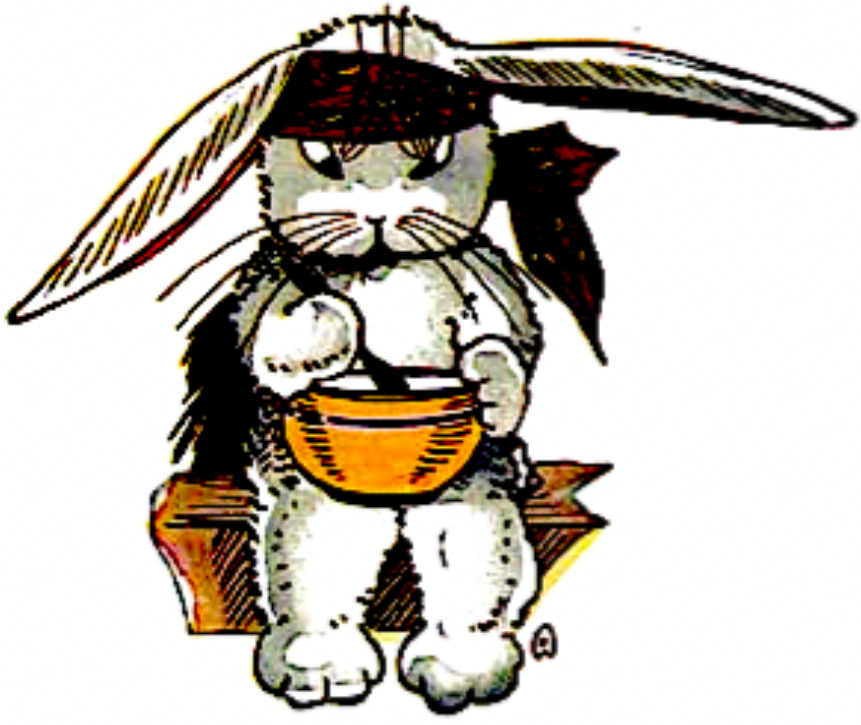
the woods?" she said to herself) and not very far did she have to go. For without knowing it, Peter Rabbit had been traveling in a circle, and at the foot of a big oak tree, in a nest of soft green ferns,

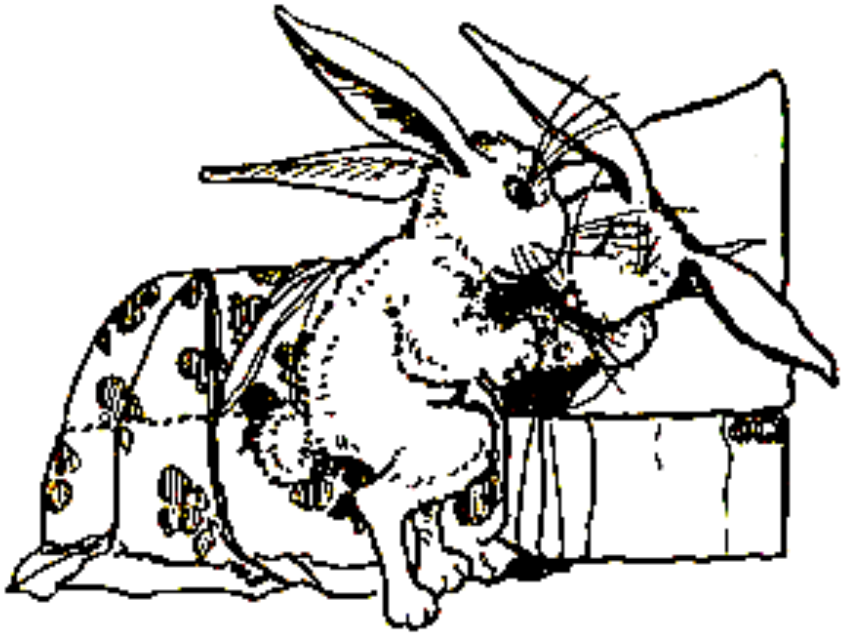
she found him fast asleep.

Gunston & The Book Bunnies
The Gunston Trust

AND Peter Rabbit went nicely to sleep, very glad to be at home again and very much ashamed of himself for having run away from it.

And the last thing he remembered after he had rolled over to get a look at Molly Cottontail and the twins was



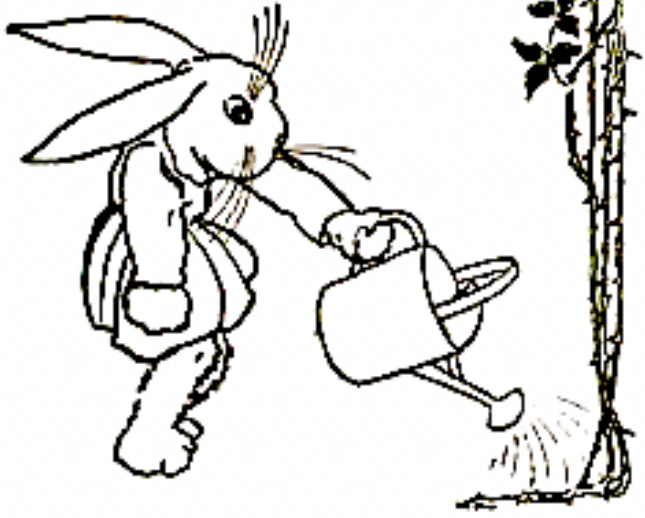


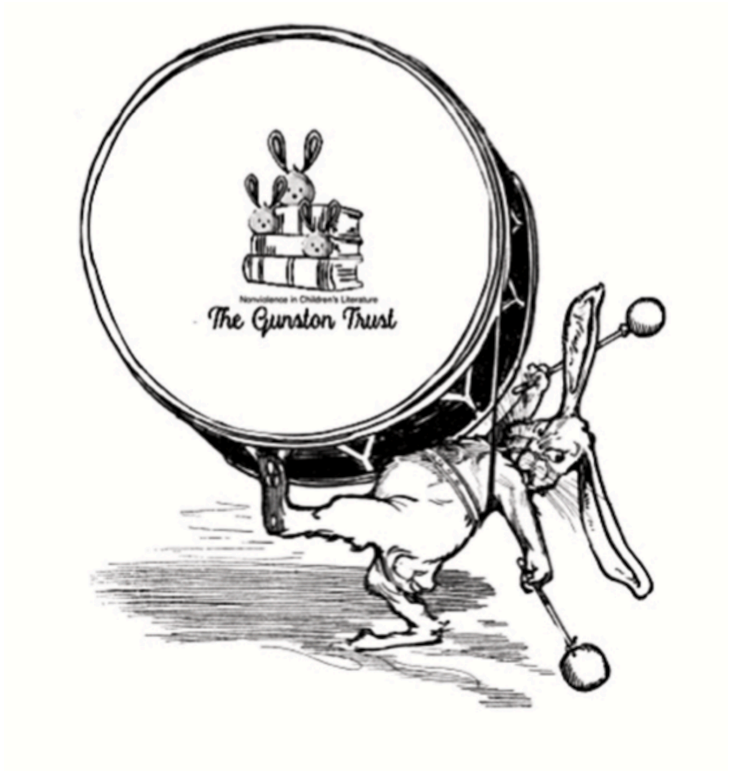
feeling his Ma's soft muzzle rubbing against his face. For that is the way bunnies kiss one another good-night.

THE END

PETER RABBIT

AND HIS MA




Nonsuidence in Children's Literature
The Gunston Trust